

JOHN





Welcome to JOHN

The month of May has long been one of remembrance for all of us who have lost loved ones over the years. If we are not careful those memories quickly fade as June, July and August are upon us all. Enjoy the season ahead and keep everyone in ours hearts, especially those who are no longer with us.

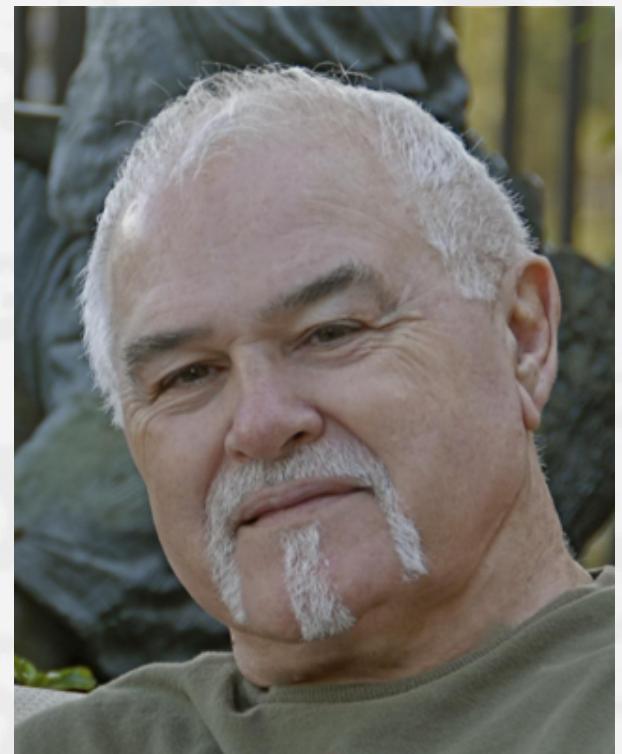
Lew Holloway, 5th Special Forces - Vietnam came back into my life quite suddenly a few months ago. Lew Holloway and I grew up together in a small mining community in Colorado. We quickly lost touch after high school. Lew recently moved back to Colorado and began connecting with old classmates. I was so happy that we did connect and begin to share old times and to talk about what happened in our lives after school. Lew casually mentioned to me that he recently wrote a book about his experiences while serving in the Army Special Forces in Vietnam in the early 60s. He sent me a copy of the book. As I started to read about his experiences, I knew that his story needed to be included in this issue of JOHN.

The story of the New Fire Truck in another in a series of stories that I have started to compile to share my memories of my youth. In reflection the mission is to capture some family history and living experiences that were a very important part of my life. The mission is to document people, places and activities in my time. Each day I feel that pang of regret for not having had someone in my family record their lives long before I arrived on the scene. If just one of my stories fills just one small gap for those who will come after me, I will be most pleased that I took the time to tell the story.

"Exploring America Through the Arts" is the 2017/2018 theme for the Daughters of the American Revolution's America Heritage Committee competition that features thirteen (13) competing categories. Christine Holley entered in the Art and Sculpture, Black and White Photography and her entry received a National 2nd place award and will be recognized at the DAR Continental Congress to be held in Washington, DC in June. JAH

Guerrilla Force

**Southeast Asia
by Lew Holloway**



Biography for Lew Holloway

I grew up in a small coal-mining town of Erie, Colorado. My mother was a single woman raising two boys. Life was difficult for our family, but we always had a clean home with ample food to eat. Coal mining towns were rough places to live. Most men were uneducated, confrontational and drank heavily. Growing up under these conditions shaped my life as an assertive, self-reliant individual. I spent my elementary and middle school years in Erie. I attended high school in the nearby town of Lafayette, Colorado. Thanks to wrestling and football achievements an athletic scholarship allowed me to attend a small collage in Southern Colorado. Following college (1960) I was drafted into the Army and later reenlisted for a choice in training. I became a member of the US Army Special Forces. My first assignment was in Germany, and a short time later I was dispatched to Vietnam. I served as a sergeant in a reconnaissance group operating on Vietnamese, Cambodian, and Laotian borders. After military service I began working in the food service industry and several years later the grocery business. After 40 years in distribution industry, I retired from corporate management. LH

Preface by the Author

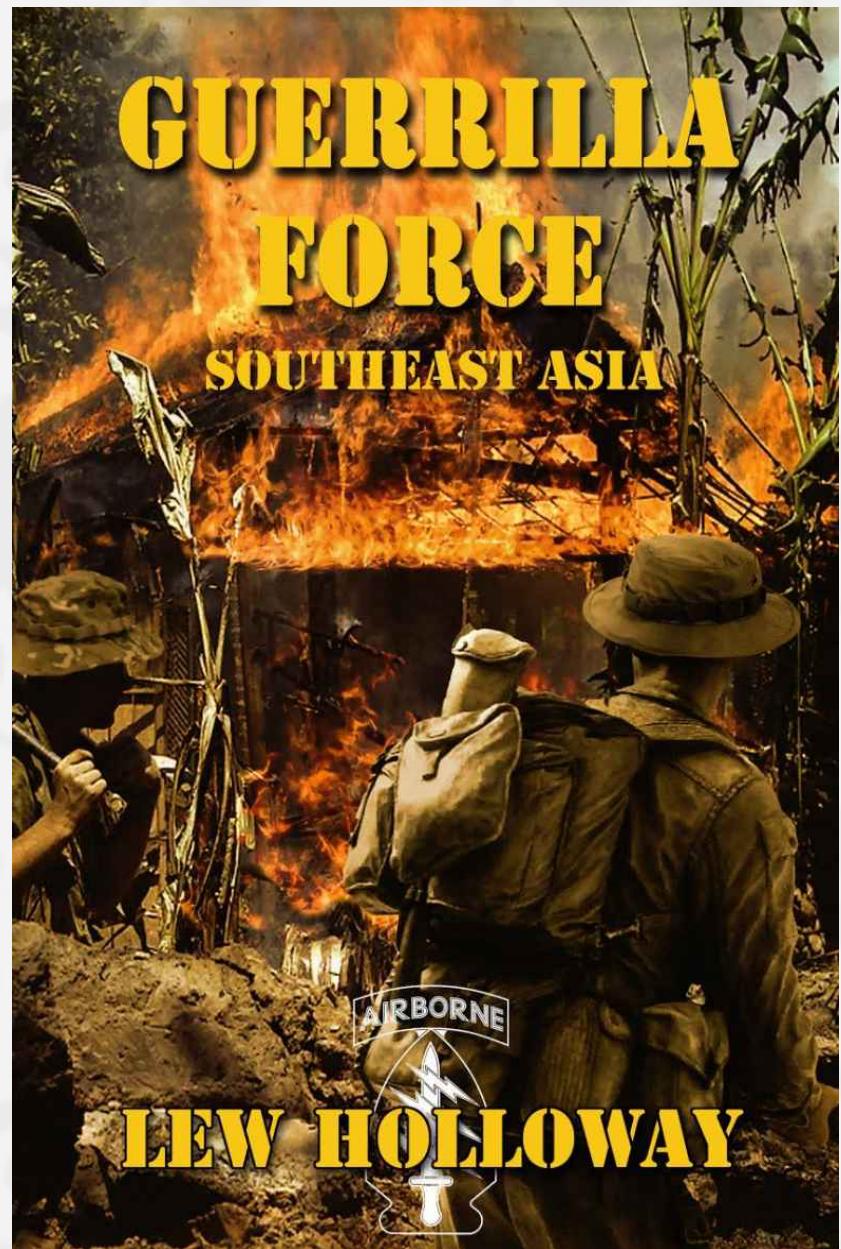
Many years ago, in the early 1970's, my children found a box containing my army uniforms (dress and fatigues) and some military medals, along with other items. They were very inquisitive, asking question after question about the things they had discovered, which they considered to be hidden treasure. At the time, I wasn't too interested in writing about a time in my life I'd thought best left forgotten.

My life as a corporate director took almost all my free time. As time passed, I would read about the ongoing war in Vietnam. As I understood at the time, the war was totally different than when I'd been there. The Vietnam situation had escalated into a real mess. I started making notes about my early experiences on anything I could write on and at hand.

The notes were just thrown into a grocery paper bag, not in any particular order. Several years later, I noticed that the bag was quite full. Remembering my children's many questions a decade before, I decided to write. I did my best to put the notes into some kind of order, by stacking them on spiked paper spindles. In the late 1980s I began to write about my Vietnam experiences, revisiting my long-forgotten memories the best I could.

I've kept away from the military terms and nomenclatures commonly used by gung-ho war writers. Most of these ex-soldiers are still in the past, trying to impress others with all their military jargon. I believe the average reader doesn't need all that military terminology. I've made an effort to make my story interesting by covering the silent war very few knew about.

Lew Holloway



Excerpts from Lew Holloway's Prologue

"Once again, only a few years with our country at peace (after Korea) and then the news was full of information about the conflict in some place called "*Indochina*". I remember a schoolteacher insisting we learn about this conflict that involved the French. This teacher called it the Michelin Tire Rubber War. By the time I was a senior in high school, Indochina had divided into two countries with two new names, North Vietnam and South Vietnam".

"I volunteered for the Army. I first chose a security line of work, but was soon transferred to the Special Forces and trained to become a combat specialist. Frequently, when I tell someone I was in Vietnam in the early part of the 60s, they will comment about not knowing that the war had started that early".

"I would like to list a few facts. The French-Indochina war ended when France was defeated on the 7th May, 1954. In 1957, Specialist James Thomas was the 1st Serviceman killed in combat".

"I owe my life to the training I received. The Special Forces taught me many combat skills, but my story is not about combat skill. This story is based on the most important course and training I received, the survival course. I do not like to think of the incident which I'm going to write about as a war story, but as a story of survival. We were trained in a remote area of North Carolina, a place by the name of: "*Camp Mackall*". To become a Green Beret' with full training credentials one must be a graduate of the 'A' course. After completing this grueling training, you become an 'A team' designated soldier. With this honor, you are authorized to wear the Special Forces Tab. We trained for four months in Mackall. I can't remember how many hours we were trained in jungle survival, but it went on for weeks. We lived in the forests north of Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and then in the jungle area at Fort Amador, in the Panama Canal Zone. In Panama, we lived in the jungle on natural foods only available through Mother Nature herself".

This book is available on Amazon.com

GUERRILLA FORCE: Southeast Asia

Kindle Edition

by [Lew Holloway](#) (Author)

The stories are about the clandestine covert operations that were kept undisclosed from the American people for several years in the late 50s and early 60s. The government did an amazing job of covering up a huge foreign military operation. When I was first involved, I had no idea of what I was in for in these Asian countries.

The US Army had been training the 5th Special Forces for a year before I joined this elite group in 1960. President John F. Kennedy was a strong supporter of and believer in the Army Special Forces. The soldiers were handpicked from regular Army personnel for this unit. In order to qualify for membership, the men had to pass several tests including intellectual, physical, and mental. The training was extremely stressful, pushing us to our limits.

The goals of the reconnaissance teams were:

To gather information

To seek and destroy

To protect national interest and the intelligence network in the theater of operation.

Excerpt From: Lewis J. Holloway. "GUERRILLA FORCE"

The New Erie Fire Truck

by John A. Holley Jr.

The town of Erie needed a new fire truck. It was just shortly after the close of WWII and all the servicemen and women were coming home. It didn't take long for the military to realize that there was a lot of unused and unwanted wartime equipment that needed to be either scraped or disposed of in some way. Much of this "stuff" ended up in the Army Surplus stores that quickly became regular retail outlets across the country. There weren't too many families that didn't have something purchased from these stores. In fact, I remember my scout troop bought a few pup tents for our camping use. The only sobering thing about this was that several of them had sewn up bullet holes, which reminded us that their previous use might not have been as pleasant as camping out on a beautiful summer night down by Boulder Creek. The Surplus store took care of a lot of the soft stuff, coats, shirts, etc. But what to do with the jeeps, trucks, and other heavy equipment that wasn't dumped into the ocean, yes a lot of this equipment ended up in the deep waters of the Pacific because it was just too expensive to do anything else with it. The stateside military vehicles ended up in surplus depots around the country. This equipment was offered for sale to the public, with used jeeps being one of the most popular, and yet there was much more available.

The Erie town board and the Erie Volunteer Fire department soon realized after hearing reports of all the "Army" surplus equipment and seeing a few Erie folks riding around in Army jeeps that were for the most part in pretty good condition, their fire truck need could be solved with a surplus vehicle. The discussion quickly moved to action and it was decided to send someone up to the depot in Utah and buy a surplus fire truck for the town. With the realization that it had to be someone who knew mechanics and could look over all the available trucks and pick out a good one or at least one that could be brought up to service levels, it was decided to send two men to Utah.



I clearly remember the day when my dad, John Holley came home and told us that he was going to Utah to bring back a surplus fire truck for the town. He said that James "Jimmy" Harris was going with him and it would take about a week to get up there and back with the new fire truck. The selection of these two men was not that difficult, both were well known in Erie because they ran a small car repair business in a garage in the back of Jimmy Harris's house. It was a fledging business as both men worked at other jobs. Jimmy worked at the Kuner-Empson vegetable canning plant in Brighton and John was a coal miner. Since both jobs were seasonal, they felt that if they could make it in the auto repair business it would be better for both of them. There was no question that these two could fix & repair the automobiles of the time. John was the main mechanic and Jimmy was a master at body work and painting of cars. They were kept very busy working on a most of the old beat up cars in town and their customers appreciated their work.

The trip to Utah to pick out and bring back a suitable fire truck was completed and the new truck was quickly put out of sight in Jimmy's garage. The two men started work on the truck and it did require quite a bit of attention. Mechanical repairs and new paint and re-chroming of some trim were in order.

I remember going with my dad over to Longmont to drop off trim to be re-chromed. Quite often one of the townsfolk would stop at the garage and get a quick look at the progress. It seemed like these two guys were taking an awful lot of time to get this truck ready. Jimmy and John were determined to do a good job and present a fire truck that everyone could be proud of having in the fire station. Of course, I had a front row seat to all the progress. I still marvel to this day, at seeing Jimmy with his paint gun putting on that bright red paint. He was certainly as good as they come and it showed in the final product. Finally, the big day arrived to present the new fire truck to the Erie Fire Department. Everyone knew that the fire alarm sounding meant that a fire meeting was about to start. (There were basically three alarms that sounded, one alarm that was continuous meant a fire, one with three short repeating bursts meant a fire department meeting and one last one different from the other two meant that the water in town was going to be shut off, which was all too often because of breaks and repairs to Erie's aging water system.)





This is a description of the fire truck taken from the 1948 Sanborn Map in which the truck is described as: "Ford Triple combination truck with 300 GPM pump. A 300 gal. water tank. 1- 35 ft. extension ladder and three hoses, 700 feet, 300 feet and a 100 ft. hose in reserve".

The fire department was described as having one volunteer chief, one assistant chief and 13 men. Fire alarm was by telephone and a bell on the fire station.

All streets paved or gravelled - Ground elevations level
WATER WORKS

Municipal ownership. Source south Boulder Creek. In lake 3 miles S of Town. Gravity system. Water from Creek thru open ditch to 70,000 cu. yd. earthen reservoir located 4 miles S of E. at an elevation of 470 above Town. Water from reservoir thru 4" main to filters, thence thru 12" & 18" main & branching into 2 6" mains for distribution system. Average daily consumption 250,000 gal. Domestic & Fire pressure 45 lbs at corner of Bridge & Main St. 4 miles of 4", 6", 10" & 12" water mains, 19 hydrants & 3 single hydrants.

FIRE DEPT -

Volunteer 1 chief, assistant chief & 13 men. Equipment: Ford Triple combination truck with 300 GPM pump, 300 gal. water tank, 1-35' extension ladder, 700' 75' & 300' 75' hose, 200' 75' & 100' 75' hose in reserve. Fire alarm by telephone & bell on fire st. No fire limit \$5.

John and Jimmy proudly drove the new truck up to the fire station and everyone was quite impressed. Since they had worked so hard on this piece of equipment and knew just about every inch of the vehicle, it was time to pass all the "tricks and features" over to the fire department volunteers. What followed was a display of how the water pump worked. The pump was turned on and the water shot out onto the street. It was pretty impressive to those who had not seen these truck pumps working. Erie now had a very efficient way of handling the weed fires that broke out quite frequently in town. Can't say that a lot of these little weed fires where actually started by kids in town messing around with matches, but just maybe? The Fire Chief, Don Zaruba quickly took control and all the volunteers where climbing around the truck and examining all the parts and features. It was just a good time all around. Several of John and Jimmy's friends suggested that it was time to take them over to the Miner's Tavern and buy them a beer. About that time, the fire chief thought it was time to back the new engine into the fire station. Just before John left with his friends, he cautioned Don to make sure that the two spot lights on top of the truck were angled down so that they would clear the top of the station door.



Not surprising, someone soon came over to the Tavern and told John and Jimmy that as the truck was backed into the station and of course in the excitement of doing just that, they forgot to angle the spotlights down and both of them were broken off. Needless to say, John was quite upset and it was a good thing that he was not present when the event occurred. It took him quite a while to get over it and he never offered to repair them. But all-in-all having a good dependable fire truck was a relief for the town. Over the years, it served the town well, except when a brush fire broke out and the firemen rushed to the station only to find that the truck would not start because the battery was dead! However, that is another story for another day.



Above is a photo of fire truck similar to the one that was brought to Erie to be restored and put into service. I do not have a photo of the actual Erie Fire Department fire truck. If there is one around, it would be a welcome addition to this memory. JAH

“Searching For Ancestors”

By Christine A. Holley

Theme: **“Exploring America Through the Arts”**

National 2nd place
winner in the DAR
American Heritage
competition for 2018

While on a cross country road trip from New Mexico to Rhode Island and back again, we were fortunate enough to explore many cemeteries and historical points of interest. My research on my DAR patriot ancestor indicated that he (Andrew D. Simpson) was buried in the Mount Hope Cemetery in Troupsburg, Steuben Co. New York.

Off we went one very cold and rainy day in late October, with a flag in hand to place on his gravesite. Try as we may, we could not find his gravesite, yet we kept searching. My husband (HODAR) headed off into the mist and I knew in that instant that I had the perfect photograph to capture the perfect essence of that afternoon. Yes, shortly after this picture was taken we found the gravesite of Andrew S. Simpson, my 4 X's great grandfather.

I photographed this picture in full color, but upon viewing it, it was clear that printing this photo in black & white would more clearly communicate the mood of that day in the cemetery.



Art & Sculpture

Darla Duvall Desautels, National Vice Chair



Art & Sculpture Judging Criteria

- 50 points – Overall Artistic Merit
- 20 points – Technical Quality
- 15 points – Uniqueness/Overall Impact
- 15 points – Expression of Theme

NOTE: American Heritage Book of Winners for 2018 will be available in early summer. It will contain the photos of all the entries from the 1st, 2nd and 3rd place winners in all categories

FRESH FLOWERS



"I want to show that people need not be limited by physical handicaps as long as they are not disabled in spirit".

Stephen William Hawking 1942-2018

His own spirit left many in awe.